

GATHER YE 'ROUND, REAPERS! YOU'RE GOING TO MEET SOMEBODY NEW, SOMEBODY AMAZING--BY NAME **MASICAL MOE!** AND YOU'RE GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN M.M. MEETS UP WITH THE FIGHTING **FAT FURY**--IN THE DEADLIEST DUEL EVER SEEN IN THE PAST FIVE MINUTES! GET SET FOR--

The FAT FURY

in
"JUST
LIKE
MAGIC!"



STORY: O'SHEA / ART: WHITNEY

UH-UH-WHEN YOU GET THAT EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE, I KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT.

IT'S THAT SON OF OURS, HERBIE! A LITTLE FAT NOTHING! NEVER DID ANYTHING AND NEVER WILL, BY GEORGE!

BUT WHAT DAD DIDN'T KNOW WAS TAKING PLACE AT THAT VERY MOMENT, FROM THE ROOM ABOVE--

AWAY! AWAY-YVVY!



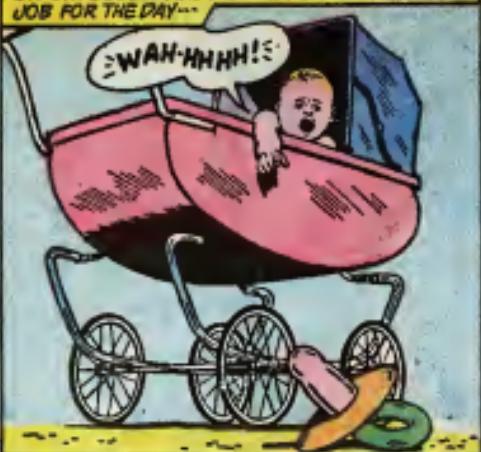
FAT FURY ON REGULAR PATROL. SEE THAT ALL GOES WELL WITH WORLD.



OH-OH! BELOW WAS HIS FIRST EARTH-SHAKING
JOB FOR THE DAY--

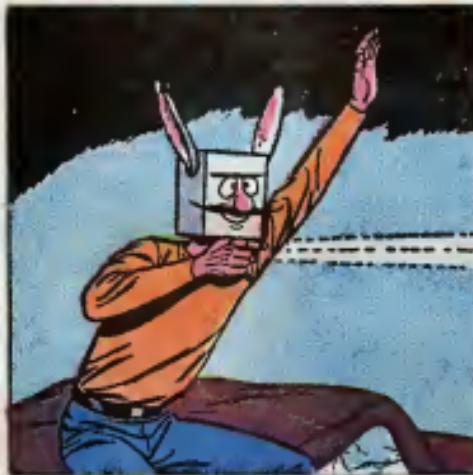
WAH-HHHH!

WAH-HH
---GLUB!!





FLASH! AUTHORITIES ARE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE STRANGE CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF MAGICAL MOE AND SEEKS TO HAVE LANDED OUT OF SPACE ITSELF! ATTEMPTS TO ARREST HIM HAVE BEEN THWARTED BY A STRANGE MAGICAL POWER...BUT NOW AN ARMY DETACHMENT HAS BEEN DISPATCHED WITH ORDERS TO SEIZE HIM!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)



WRONG. VERY GOOD FIGHTER. HAVE ALL KINDS OF POWERS.



WELL, HOW COMES WHERE DO YOU GET THE POWERS FROM?

LOLLIPOPS. ALL FLAVORS. ORANGE FOR FLYING. LEMON FOR MIGHTY MUSCLES. STRAWBERRY FOR POWER TO DISAPPEAR. AND SO ON.



ONLY FLAVOR I HAVEN'T GOT IS HARD-TO-GET CINNAMON. HARD TO GET.

I SEE—LOOKS LIKE I CAN'T DEFEAT YOUR POWERS BECAUSE THEY'RE TOO POWERFUL. AND YOUR POWERS COME FROM LOLLIPOPS, EH? THANKS FOR THE INFO, FURY!



ORANGE... COME OUT!



ORANGE, MELT!



LEMON, LET'S SEE YOU!



LEMON, LET'S NOT SEE YOU ANYMORE!



NOW FOR STRAWBERRY...



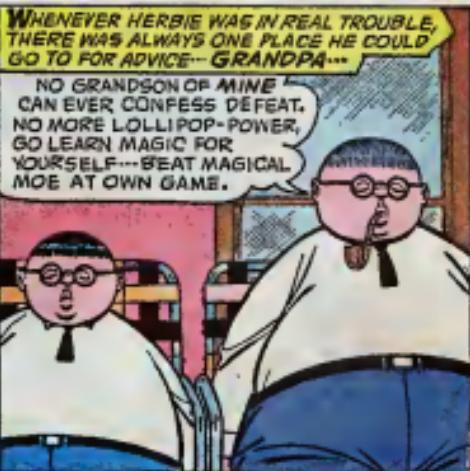
STRAWBERRY, BUST!

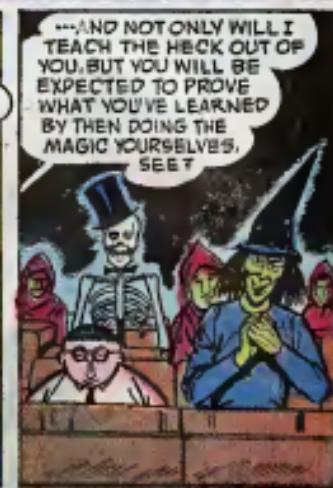


AND SO IT WENT... UNTIL THE POWER HAD BEEN TAKEN AWAY FROM EVERYONE OF THE FAT FURY'S LOLLIPOPS!

WELL! LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE JUST A 497-POUND WEAKLING NOW. SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN...









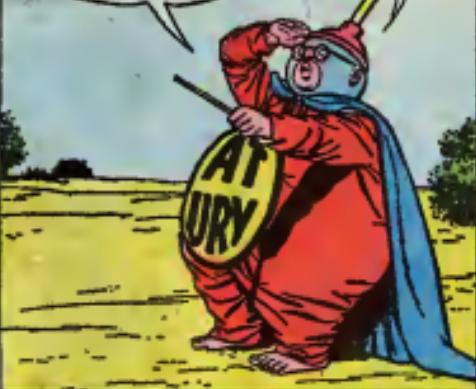
MEANWHILE, MAGICAL MOE WAS STILL AT HIS DIRTY WORK...

HEH-HEH...



HE'S UP THERE-- FIRST OPPORTUNITY TRY OUT MY NEW MAGIC.

ALLEG-A-POOP: SEND PLANE TO ATTACK HIM.



OH-OH! HE'D GOTTEN ONLY 50% IN HIS FINAL EXAMS---FOR WHICH HE'D BEEN AWARDED HALF A MAGIC WAND! SO LOOK AT WHAT HIS MAGIC PRODUCED!

ULP...

WHO CAN FLY
HALF A PLANET
NOT A HALF-
PILOT, ANYWAY!

TCH, TCH. SOME-
THING WRONG,
TRY AGAIN.



GET IT NOW.
JUST HALF OF
A MAGICIAN.



YOU AGAIN---AND
STILL TRYING! WON'T
YOU EVER LEARN,
FAT STUFF? NOW
HERE'S THE WAY IT
SHOULD BE DONE!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

MAGIC NO GOOD---GOT
NO POWERS---CAN'T STOP
MAGICAL MOE, NOTHING
LEFT TO SAVE WORLD
NOW---SO MIGHT
AS WELL DROP
IN MUSEUM.

ANCIENT
ASSYRIAN
MUSEUM



ANCIENT ASSYRIAN
GOOFUS BIRD



UGLY.



USED TO BE I GOT
POWERS FROM THEM...
NO MORE. POWERS TAKEN
AWAY BY MAGIC FROM
ORANGE, LEMON, STRAW-
BERRY---ALL MY FINE
FLAVORS--

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN
LOLLIPOPS //



GULP---HARD-TO-GET
CINNAMON. ONE FLAVOR
MAGICAL MOE NEVER
STRIPPED OF POWERS---
SO HARD TO GET HE
DIDN'T HAVE A SAMPLE
TO CAST SPELL ON.

BRING
BACK
THAT
LOLLIPOP!

WHOLE
WORLD ABOUT
TO BE LOST, HE
WORRIES ABOUT
LOLLIPOP--













HERE'S HERBIE!



EXTRA! EXTRA!

You're crazy like a fruitcake if you don't rush to your newsstand about the middle of December and purchase "Herbie" No. 23, our February issue. Featuring the one-and-only Plump Lump in "Can You Bear It?" What if you do die laughing? You know a better way to go?

Hope you like me as great magician in "Just Like Magic", this issue. Allego-poop to you and don't answer back. Hate people who answer back. Button lip and concentrate on laughing. Laugh at "Just Like Magic". Roar at "Almost A King". Otherwise, will lose temper and bop with tough lollipop. Further, will doohie-hop with very tough lollipop unless receive your letter telling me what you thought of stories in this issue. Address letter to "Herbie", 231 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Would not advise disliking stories. Leads to fearful mess, involving blood and groans. Okay? Then read letters below. At once.

"Dear Herbie:-

Finally one of us fat little nothing, lollipop-hopping people has gotten his own first class magazine! At 21, I thought I would never read another comic . . . but then I found this first-class magazine. So all fat people unite behind our leader—the smart, brave, fat Herbie! Long may his fat wave!

—Ray L. Simpson,
575 E. California, Pasadena, Calif. 91106."

Deserved my own magazine. Not first-class, though. Super first-class. Glad to welcome you into great Fat-Fat-Water-Rat movement. Sweeping nation. Can assure you fat will move long, but one small warning. Just don't stand in way, Ray.

* * *

"Dear Fat-Fat-Water-Rat Herbie:-

I've been a fan of yours for a long time, but I am disappointed. How come you can be fat and I can't? Just look at all the famous heroes . . . Santa Claus, Nero, the Fat Fury, alias Herbie Popnecker! If you are really generous, you'd send me one of those there lollipops—the fat-producing kind! P.S.: I heard that for \$1.44, you could get a subscription, Herbie. How long does this last, anyway?

—Tom Williams,
9112 S. Cord Ave., Downey, Calif."

Must be fit to be fat . . . honor reserved for very fittest, who become very fattest, like me. Work on this, Tom . . . will forward special lollipop when can prove have earned. \$1.44 will produce 12 issues of this great magazine, covering year and half.

* * *

"Fatman Herbie:-

We are some of your fat admirers. We think you are a big fat sloth and a lollipop belly. We also think that when you are eating your lollipops, it looks like you are smoking a cigar. All of us think you are a little fat chunk and very adorable. We want more *Herbie* magazines soon!

—Mississippi Hoboes,

Route 1, Sauk Rapids, Minn. 56379."

How come Mississippi Hoboes in Minnesota? How fat are you? Am not little fat chunk . . . am big fat chunk. Like you say, very adorable. Completely adorable. Sometimes am completely fascinated by me.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I've read everyone of your comics. I think they are the greatest, as well as stupendous and colossal. I like them so much I named my cat after you . . . he's so fat he can hardly hudge. Why doesn't Shane O'Shea invent a lollipop that will take you to the future? Why don't you tell your dad that you're fat, but not a nothing? P.S.: Please don't bop me with your lollipop!

—Phyllis Leach,
1732 Boston Ave., Bridgeport, Conn."

Nice girl, Phyllis. Knows what's good. Got nice cat, too, with nice name . . . "Herbie". Only thing keeps O'Shea from inventing future lollipop is stupidity. Shane, Shane, he's got no brain. Will tell father am not a nothing, but what good? He'll never believe it.

* * *

"Dear Herbie (alias Fats):

I have seen the (fat) light. I have only three

issues of 'Herbie', but I won't ask you for the ones I've missed, because I know you won't want to spoil us skinny good-for-nothings. You're so good to us already! After all, only kicking out half our teeth—now who could call that mean? By the way, if you can count, how many inches (or should I say miles?) across are you?

—Janice Holm, 4218 Washburn Ave. N., Minneapolis, Minn. 55412.

You skinning, Janice? Tch, tch. Too bad. But not everyone can be fine fat fella like me. Can count very well . . . but just haven't got enough numbers to measure inches across. However, feel very kindly towards you . . . may only kick out one quarter of teeth.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

One thing bugs me and that is why don't you take a No. 403-W lollipop that would change you into Mr. America and make you beautiful instead of ugly and fat—like you did to John Alden in the story 'Popnecker The Pilgrim'? About your comic books—they're great! The artwork and plots are great too! A 'Herbie' lever—

—Leo Zanotti,

149 Franklin St., Feeding Hills, Mass."

Don't need anything to make me beautiful, Lee—am already. Could take ugly lollipop and still win beauty prize. By the way, intend to drop in on you shortly. Please practice groans, high-pitched screams and bleeding.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I've been reading your comics for 3 years. I haven't read a funnier comic book than yours. Would you please tell me where you get all your lollipops so I can become strong and handsome like you? Some people say that you are a 'Little Fat Nothing'. Well, I think you are a 'Little Fat Something'

—David 'Biggs,

677 Winggate Dr., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94088."

Is no funnier comic than "Herbie", David. America lucky to have it, always say. Obtain my lollipop from special plant up in "Unknown". Am grateful for recognition as "Little Fat Something" . . . so grateful could tear you to pieces from love and probably will.

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

Let me give you a little advice. Being a fat person means a short life, so why don't you try to lose that big pot gut of yours? I read in a

doctor's annual that for every inch a person's waist exceeds his chest, it takes two years off his life expectancy. From the looks of you, Herbie Popnecker, I doubt that you've got a year left. Oh, you're a great guy and I like your comic, which is the reason I give you the above advice. I want to be able to read 'Herbie' when I'm an old man of 90. I don't wish to make fun of you, my little fat friend, but you are so fat that I doubt that you can even lift a finger to wallop me with your lollipop!

—Jim McCarty, Box 713,

Aztec Highway, Aztec, N.M."

Dear Jim McCarty, wish to give you a little advice. Being Jim McCarty means very, very short life if critics all my lovely fat. Such fine suit . . . must be jealousy on your part. Jealous because I own lord by the yard. Well, hear this. Have checked with authorities up in "Unknown". Was told that am not scheduled to depart earthly life until year 2483, because am too fat to be admitted to either Heaven or Hades until then, when enlargements will have been made. To all you skinning people—HA!

* * *

"Dear Herbie:-

I think you should answer our letters better. Because you don't tell us anything. Especially in number 17, when one of your fans wrote in and asked how come everyone knew you in distant places, like up in the stars. You answered 'Why not?' I think that was a very silly answer!

—Kimberly Keane,
8375 St. Fay Rd., Quebec, Canada."

Why?

* * *

"Dear Herbie (Fat Fung) Popnecker:-

My little brother and I are two of your greatest fans. We think you're colossal, fat, stupendous, fat and the greatest! We made up a song to cheer you up . . . it was suggested by a commercial on television. Hero goes: Fat Up—with the tall fat taste of Herbie's Lollipop! The Tall Fat Taste That's Never Been Topped helps turn the thin ones into the Fat Ones! 40, 50, 60 inches—Fat Up! With the Tall Fat Taste of Herbie's Lol-li-pop! They're Pops that you can really suck, Pops that you can really buck. That American, Fat American Herbie, is tops . . . Fat Up!

Harold and Philip Mirwald,
1004 West Main, Visalia, Calif."

Very fine song, Harold and Philip. For another song, composed by yours truly, try this: "Herbie, Herbie . . . Yessir, That's My Herbie!"

OF COURSE YOU LOVE OUR PLUMP LUMP --- UNLESS YOU REALLY LIKE FRACTURES AND BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS. OKAY, THEN --- YOU'LL LOVE THIS STORY, HEART AND YOU'LL LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF AT

HERBIE in "ALMOST a KING!"



STORY: ONE HORSE O'SHEA
ART: UTNEY McWHITNEY

IT WAS A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER DAY. THE SUN CAME UP...

THE BIRDS SANG...



YES, A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER...



BUT IT WASN'T LIKE THAT ALL OVER THE WORLD! IN EUROPE, FOR INSTANCE...

RURITANIA LIES STRAIGHT AHEAD, AND SOON IT WILL BE OURS!



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

AN INVASION ARMY, LED BY 3 INTERNATIONAL VILLAINS! NOODLEMAN---THE SQUARE-HEAD---AND THE SNEIK!

WE SWEEP
RIGHT IN, HUNT
HEH-HEH!

THAT'S NOT
HOW IT'S DONE,
SQUAREHEAD. FIRST
WE HAVE A SERIES
OF CONFERENCES
WITH THE QUEEN---
AND DELIVER AN
ULTIMATUM!



THE NEWS WASN'T LONG IN REACHING AMERICA ---

A WAR IN RURITANIA

COULD TOUCH OFF ALL
EUROPE! AND THERE'S
NOTHING WE CAN DO,
BECAUSE WE'RE INVOLVED
IN VIET NAM! RIGHT,

PRESIDENT
JOHNSON?

RIGHT, VICE
PRESIDENT
HUMPHREY! WE'VE
BEEN ASKED TO
SEND AN ARMY,
BUT INSTEAD
WE'LL SEND
HERBIE!



THEY'RE SHORT-HANDED IN
WASHINGTON AND ASKED ME
TO DROP DOWN
AND SEE YOU,
HERBIE.

ALWAYS
GLAD SEE
BENJAMIN
FRANKLIN.
WHAT'S
TROUBLE?

...AND THE INVADERS MAY
ATTACK RURITANIA AT ANY
MINUTE. AT FIRST, WASHINGTON
WAS GOING TO SEND A FLAT
TOP BUT THEN THEY DECIDED
TO SEND A FAT TOP
INSTEAD...

ON MY
WAY, GO FLY
KITE AND DISCOVER
ELECTRICITY.

WILL BE PRACTICAL.
FIRST TRY TO GET HELP
FROM ENGLAND,
FRANCE.



WELL GEE,
HONEST,
HOBBIE, WE'D
LIKE TA HELP
YA, BUT YA
KNOW HOW
IT IS...

THAT'S RIGHT, CHUM. WE NEED
THE SOLDIERS FOR THE
CHANGING OF THE GUARD
AND ALL THAT.

WILL SEE
DE GAULLE
THEN.



AH, M'SIEU 'ERBIE,
IF IT WERE JUST FOR
YOU, IT WOULD BE A
PLEASURE! BUT YOU
KNOW HOW IT IS---I
HATE EVERYBODY
ELSE!

SEE HAVE
TO DO IT
MYSELF.



LOOKS LIKE
BIG POINGS.
SEE WHAT
GIVES.

HERE, QUEEN OF
RURITANIA---THIS
IS THE SURRENDER
DOCUMENT. SIGN
IT---OR ELSE!

NEVER.
DON'T
SIGN.

WELL, WELL---IT'S
HERBIE! TELL ME,
PLUMP LUMP---WOULD
YOU DARE RESIST
NOOPLEMAN?

GUESS WHO, BULGY-
BOY, THE SQUAREHEAD
---WHO DESTROYS ANYONE
WHO STANDS IN HIS WAY!

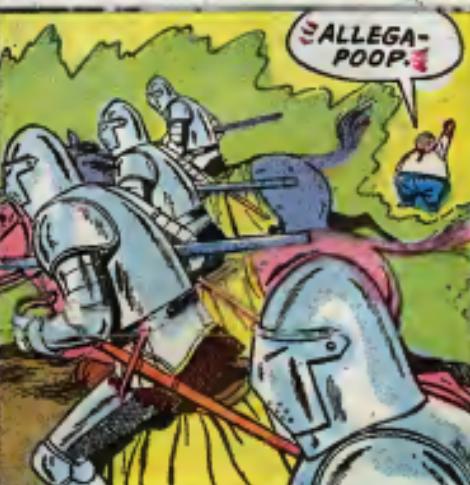
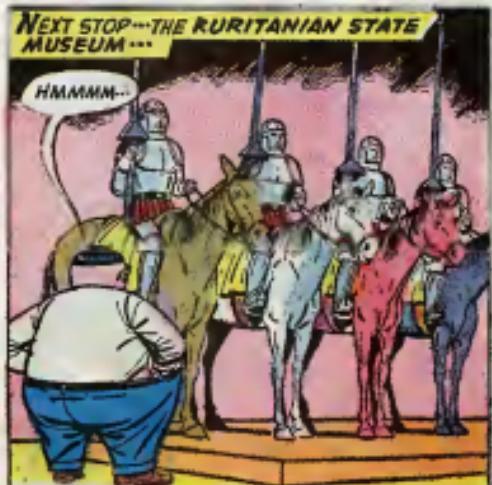
FAT, FAT, WATER-
RAT! BETTER
COME OVER TO
OUR SIDE, OR
---CR-RIKKK!
BEEN
THINKING
IT OVER
CAREFULLY.

...AND
WON'T
GIVE
IN.

THEN IT'S TO BE
WAR!

LOOK DISTURBED
---WHY'S RURITANIAN
ARMY LOYAL TO
YOU, ISN'T IT?

SNIFF---YES, BUT
BEFORE WE GO ANY
FURTHER, I THINK YOU
OUGHT TO SEE MY
ARMY!



ALL CONFIDENT, THE INVASION ARMY STRUCK—

**IS THIS EVER
GONNA BE A
CINCH!**

**YEAH—OUR
SPIES INFORM
US THAT THE
RURITANIAN ARMY
IS ONLY THREE OLD
MEN! HAW-HAW!**

**NOW ARE NOW
ENTERING
RURITANIA,
FELLAS!**

**BUT INSTEAD OF THREE OLD MEN,
THEY MET...**

CHARGE!

**YOU WERE EXPECTING
MAYBE FREE
MILK?**

**YEE-
OWWW!**

**THE COWS WERE REINFORCED BY THE
KNIGHTS...**

**HAVE
AT THEE,
VARLETS!**

**HURRAH
FOR THE
METS!**

H-HELP!

**AND AFTER THAT CAME THE CIGAR
STORE INDIANS!**

**GANGWAY!
WE WANT
OUT!**

**AND OF COURSE, HERBIE GOT IN
HIS INNINGS...**

**HATE
FIGHTING...**

SCRUNCH!

**BUT IF HAVE
TO FIGHT...**

POW!

**OW-WWW!
WHOSE IDEA
WAS THIS
INVASION,
ANYWAY?**

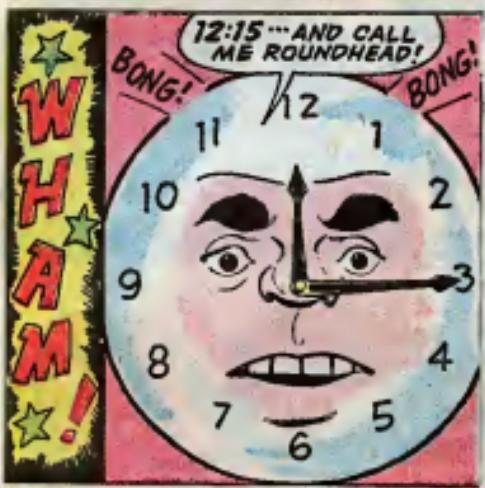
SAM!

SOK

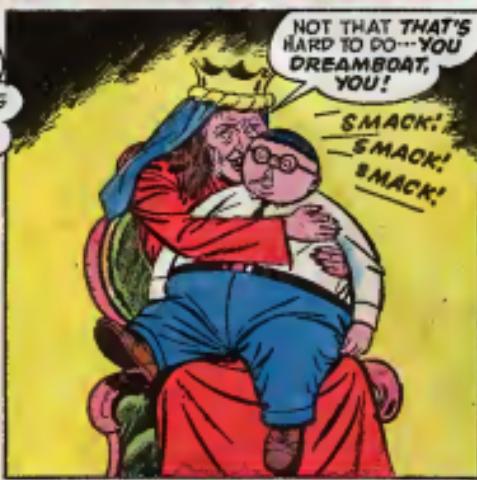
**SO THERE YOU
ARE, HERBIE!
I'LL GET YOU—
SETTLE YOUR
HASH—FIX
YOUR
WAGON!**

???

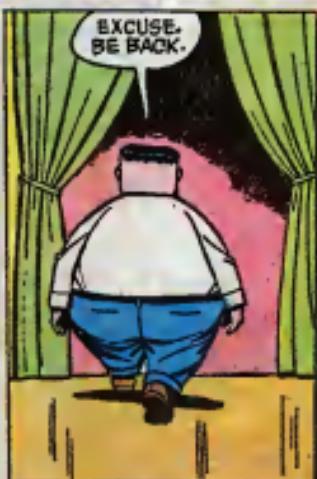




(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)







HIYA,
VALENTINO!
HO-HO...
THE FREAK
SHEIK!

MMH-MMMMH!

LOVER!
COME TO
MY ARMS!



LAUGHS! SCIENCE! FUN! MYSTERY! SURPRISES!



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..... \$4.98



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No. 606

25¢

NO. 22
DEC.-JAN.

MAKE WAY FOR
the FAT FURY...

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

IND.



12¢

HERBIE

ALL-HOWL ISSUE!

The FAT FURY in "JUST LIKE
MAGIC!"...and ALLEG-A-POOP
to YOU!

ALLEG-A-POOP!

